

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF TYROL.

### CHAPTER III.—THE PILGRIMAGE.

IN all the Lutheran homes in the valleys of Tyrol that winter were scenes of busy industry with both men and women, in preparing what would be essential for their removal—in accumulating a stock of provisions for their journey in the early spring, and getting ready the needful clothing. Looms and spinning-wheels were incessantly at work, and the great linen chests which every cottage possessed had to be replenished with all that could be spun or wove, while such household goods as could not be removed had to be disposed of by sale. Many had land of their own for which they had to find purchasers, and their houses in most instances were their own property. In turning such possessions into money the Lutherans met with much hindrance and difficulty from the ill-feeling of the authorities, who to the very last sought to oppress them by throwing all the impediments in their way that they could devise, so that sales were conducted with injustice, and the people often forced to part with their goods for less than their value. In the transfer of land especially they were unable to get an equivalent for what they relinquished, so that the King of Prussia had afterwards to interfere to obtain compensation for their losses. A considerable part of the money raised by the people had to be expended on baggage-wagons and bullock-drays, on which their chests and bedding, the old people, and infirm and young children were to be transported over the 1300 miles of road they had to travel to their future homes. Able-bodied men and women had no other prospect before them than of performing, staff in hand, the whole journey on foot, while they must find shelter by night as best they could in the towns

and villages through which they were to pass. Perhaps the most sad circumstance connected with these preparations was the fact that in many families there were individuals who still adhered to the Romish faith, and were to be parted with for ever and left behind by their relations. Sons and daughters, it may be, who had married into Catholic families, and would have to see their old parents depart, with no prospect of ever beholding them again—while in others it might happen that the younger members of the family had become Lutherans, and had to forsake their fathers and mothers in their old age. Through the long winter many must have been the struggles undergone and the tears shed, as the people looked forward to the trying separations of the coming spring; and as the time of their exile approached sorrow and dismay may have taken the place in many hearts, of the courage and resolution and trustful hope that had first prompted their decision to leave their native land. Never, perhaps, had been dearer to each his own particular valley, in which he had been born and bred, and beyond whose rocky boundaries he had seldom passed, but in which he was never again to see the crops spring up and ripen; while as he rested his eyes on the snow-covered mountains around, he would call to mind with a pang that he should never again hunt the chamois among their crags or tend the cows on the green pastures. Of all that he possessed, too, it would cost the Tyrolese the greatest struggle to part with his cows, that he had reared and tended, and towards which he felt an affection like that which is excited by human beings. He knew them all by name, and they would come to him at his call—the black, the brown, the brindled, the dun—and yet they must all be sold and left behind, since to transport them to Prussia would



be impossible. For the most part, however, the Lutheran portion of the population were those who pursued the more quiet avocations in the towns and villages, and on this account there was a better chance of their settling down contentedly in the lands where mountain herdsmen, hunters, and daring climbers would not be wanted.

In the month of February, 1732, the first party of Lutheran pilgrims, about three hundred in number, started from the neighbourhood of Salzburg, and were to make their way to Donauwerth, a town of Bavaria, on the Danube, where they were to meet the two commissioners appointed by the King of Prussia to lead them through the rest of Germany. They were also to await there the arrival of other bodies of emigrants from other valleys, since it was not deemed advisable for very large masses of the pilgrims to travel through portions of the Austrian dominions and towns, of which the inhabitants were so nearly all Catholics, that sympathy and hospitality could not be relied on from them. This first part of their route, therefore, was the most trying and difficult, and the people could only depend on such provisions as they carried with them, and were obliged to encamp for the night outside the towns, availing themselves as best they could of the shelter of their wagons and that of the pine woods at the road side, whose thick foliage kept off the wind and driving sleet and snow. The party from Salzburg had with them ten baggage wagons in which they stowed their linen chests and bundles of bedding and clothing, and on these they laid the very old, the sick, and young children. The weather was still cold and raw, and the snow had scarcely melted away from the valleys, while mist hung heavy on the mountain sides. The roads were heavy with mud and half melted snow, difficult for the horses and oxen, and still more difficult for the foot passengers to make their way along. After the last sad parting with their old neighbours and friends, and such of their relatives as they left behind, there was little during many days of travelling to sustain the pilgrims but the strength which the high resolve of a holy purpose can give. It was something for them to remember that Christ had called those "blessed" who suffered for their righteousness sake; and

they knew that those who left all to follow after him had relied on the promise of eternal life. As they journeyed on hour after hour, and day after day, losing sight first of the familiar outlines of the mountains that surrounded the Salzburg valley, and then by degrees of the whole chain of Alps, which seemed to sink down upon the southern horizon till their snow-covered summits appeared but as a line of glistening silver clouds—then it was that the pilgrims began to know the heart-sickness of those who leave for ever their native land. But while resting during the nightly roadside encampment they would find comfort in singing together—old and young joining in the well-known words and tune—the devout yet animated psalm of Luther, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (a tower of strength is our God) which had become the national anthem of all Protestant Germany; or as peculiarly appropriate to their condition, they may have sang together another familiar hymn of the time by Gerhardt,\* which has been translated by our Wesley:—

"Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His most sure and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.  
"Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom earth and seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
He shall prepare thy way."

The party of emigrants had followed the course of the Salza river, which flows through the valley on which Salzburg stands, to where it joins the Inn, and crossing that river had entered Bavaria, passing by its capital city Munich, which was then and still remains almost wholly Roman Catholic. Their route would then take them past Augsburg, which had been in Luther's time one of the first of the larger towns which embraced Protestantism, and where was published the celebrated "Confession of Faith," which was drawn up by Melancthon to serve as a guide in all matters of doctrine to the Protestants. We find records, however, only of the reception of the pilgrims when at length they reached the town of Donauwerth, on the Danube, where the two commissioners of the King of Prussia were waiting to receive

\* Paul Gerhardt, a spiritual song writer of the time of Luther.



them, and where they were joined by other parties of emigrants from other valleys of Tyrol, who had come by different routes. Everything was prepared for their reception, and the most considerate and careful arrangements made for their passage through the rest of Germany by order of the generous king. Five hundred miles they had yet to traverse before reaching Halle, the first town within the Prussian territory, and seven hundred miles more to the homes prepared for them on the shores of the Baltic Sea.

From this time, however, each emigrant was to receive four groschen a-day (about five pence of our money) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three, and every child two groschen; whilst letters had been addressed to all the Protestant towns through which they would pass enjoining upon the people that they should receive them with hospitality and kindness. And warmly was this appeal responded to. At Nordlingen, the first town they came to under the guidance of the king's commissioners, the whole population of the town turned out to receive the pilgrims, headed by their clergymen and schoolmasters; and in a field near the town where the wagons of the travellers were drawn up, a sort of sermon was addressed to them, of which the text was, "Come in ye blessed of the Lord, why stand ye there without!" the people of Nordlingen standing by with eyes filled with tears, as they saw the crowd of weary, way-worn pilgrims, accompanied by their wives and little ones, with whom they were wandering forth to an unknown land to escape from cruelty and persecution. Then in a long procession, walking two by two, the emigrants were conducted into the town, and distributed into the quarters prepared for them, some being taken into the private houses of the citizens, and others placed in inns and public buildings, and the "spitals," or houses of refuge for the sick and poor: and to all were assigned certain rations of food—meat, bread, and beer. On the Sunday they were placed in the centre of the churches, going to and from church in procession, each party of pilgrims headed by the host who was responsible for the care of them; and, after the preaching of appropriate discourses, large collections of money were made, destined for the use of the emigrants.

Thus it was at all the towns where they rested on their way; and even in small hamlets through which they passed the bells of the churches were set ringing to express the sympathy of the inhabitants, and none were so poor as not to find some means of giving a kindly welcome to the wanderers. People vied with each other in showing them hospitality, and considered themselves favoured when a party of pilgrims was lodged beneath their roof. Others undertook to entertain large numbers at dinners each day of their stay, or sent provisions to such as were in the "spitals" and public houses. Persons of rank and wealth would take as many as parties of fifty at once into their houses, and send them away laden with Bibles and other appropriate gifts. Other rich people, who were childless, sought out for poor orphan children among the emigrants to adopt and carefully educate. Never, too, was the cause from which they had become exiles forgotten; but, by way of testing the genuine Protestant belief of the people, they were frequently examined by the Lutheran ministers of the town, when the replies they gave to their catechisers astonished the hearers at the knowledge they showed of "evangelical truth, and acquaintance with the words and meaning of Scripture," while the pious, modest, and simple deportment of the people excited much admiration and interest. Wherever they went, and as they swarmed about the streets of the towns and mingled with the inhabitants in the churches, the Tyrolese were easily distinguishable by their peculiar costume—the high and pointed crowned hats of both men and women, decorated with tassels or bunches of flowers, and the vests of the men and bodices of the women gaily embroidered with gold and silver and coloured silk—all which formed a striking contrast to the more sober costume of Mid and North Germany, and especially to that of the Lutheran pastors, who walked the streets in black robes, black caps, and stiff white ruffs about their necks.

At Bayreuth it was Easter when the body of pilgrims reached the town, and the people were lodged in great numbers in the neighbouring villages as well as within the town itself; and on Good Friday, after attendance at a service in the church, there arose, on coming out, a very



scramble among the townspeople to get hold of pilgrims to carry home to their houses to dinner. At Gera a rich burgher dined the whole party on his own premises, while his wife gave eight groschens to each individual. Here it was, too, that one of the poor Tyrolese women, who had given birth to a child on the way, was lodged with the commissioner at his own inn for greater safety. On returning to the house, after a short absence he found her gone, and at first no one knew what had become of her, till at last it came out that a lady of quality had quietly sent her carriage for the poor woman, and taken her under her own charge. There was, in fact, no end to the zeal and kindness of the people—many even lamenting, with eyes filled with tears, that they could do no more. "Is this all that we can give? Is there nothing more that we can do?" they would ask, and would only be comforted when the commissioners said, "There will be others come, these also you can help."

At Nuremberg, the picturesque old town of Bayaria, which in the middle ages was as renowned for the wealth of its burghers as for the skill of its native artists, the emigrants made a long stay, and were treated with great hospitality, the inhabitants being for the most part zealous Protestants. But while the principal churches had been adapted even at that time to Protestant worship, the many beautiful works of art which they contained—such as pictures by Albert Dürer, pieces of sculpture by Adam Kraft and Veit Stoss, and works in iron by Peter Vischer—were carefully preserved and held in reverence by the citizens. We can fancy the latter pointing out these objects to the pilgrims—many of which represent scenes in the life of the Saviour and events in Old Testament history—proud of the genius and skill of their townspeople in former times; and while admitting that such things may have done something in keeping up a spirit of holiness and a knowledge of sacred events in the minds of the people, yet reminding them that now they had the holy Scriptures themselves within their reach, and no longer needed external images and representations. Only in towns which were still Roman Catholic was any inhospitality shown to the pilgrims—as at Bamberg, where the bishop of the place refused to allow the train of emigrants to

pass through, so that they had to choose another route; while in some few other towns the bigotry of the people led them to commit acts of rudeness, as at Weissenfels, where a certain rough fellow, a flax-dresser by trade, said floutingly, "The Archbishop should have thrown you all into the river." Whereupon "the crowd seized him, and he would have been seriously injured had not the town guard interposed." Such incidents were, however, rare exceptions to the treatment the emigrants received as they journeyed on from town to town, and we may presume that even the better disposed among the Catholics must have looked with respect upon the body of exiles, who, lured by no prospects of gain or material advantages, but only in obedience to the voice of conscience, were wandering from their homes. Not merely the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants as they passed along, but also the advance of the season and the nature of the country they journeyed through, helped to cheer the hearts of the emigrants. The vast extent of rich pasture-land on the banks of the Maine as it flows westward to fall into the Rhine, over which numerous herds of cattle were to be seen grazing—the blossoming fruit-trees by the roadside, and the luxuriant crops of the fields and gardens in the villages and suburbs of the towns—all this gladdened their hearts; while many of the trees of the woods under which they took shelter from the noonday sun—the stately beeches and oaks now bursting into leaf, and the thousands of spring flowers which nestled at their feet or tinged the meadows with purple and gold—were such as their eyes had never rested on before.

The men, as they journeyed on from one district to another, took notes of all they saw going on in agricultural operations that was new or strange to them, and learned methods of farming that would be of use at their journey's end; and the women gained lessons in thrift and domestic management from the good "*hausfrauen*," who gave them hospitable welcome in their households. And while the men would make purchases of farming implements or tools that would be useful in their callings, the women laid out their little savings in wooden bowls, platters, and spoons, and utensils of tin that places could be found for in the baggage wagons.



And thus they journeyed on from Donauwerth—by Anspach, Nürnberg, Bayreuth, Gera, Zeitz, and Weissenfels to Halle; others through Augsburg and Ulm to Frankfurt; some through Cassel, Hanover, and Brunswick, each route extending from the high mountains and deep valleys of Tyrol to the sand plains of Prussia, in which Berlin, the capital, is situated. Here, on the 30th of April, 1732, the first body of Salzburg emigrants arrived, about 900 in number, and stood, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate, the principal southern entrance of the city. To do honour to his new subjects and guests, the king, accompanied by the queen and all the court officials, went out to receive them with the chief Lutheran clergymen of the city, and the crowd of pilgrims were formally welcomed into the land of their adoption; while every arrangement was made in a suburb of the city for their comfortable entertainment. On the Sunday after their arrival the Tyrolese were publicly catechised in the churches, the citizens of Berlin crowding to listen to their pertinent answers, often given in the very words of Scripture, or those of Luther, the king very frequently coming among them to question them about their journey, their former habits of life, and the persecutions they had undergone. Then the queen had parties of them out to supper in the fine gardens of her country house, and delighted to talk with them, giving them, at parting, Bibles and useful presents. On one of these occasions she picked out a handsome young girl to have her portrait painted in her high-crowned Tyrolese hat, which hat became afterwards the fashion in Berlin.

After a few weeks' rest another guide was appointed to conduct the pilgrims the remaining 500 miles which they had to go, and who, when they had settled, was to become their pastor. And then, with every arrangement made for their comfort, as before, the flock of emigrants, with their baggage wagons and bullock carts, again set forth, and marched on, stage by stage, to the district in the neighbourhood of Tilsit and Memel, where their homes were prepared for them. And at the far end of their long wanderings they found all ready and awaiting their reception. Snug cottages, tillable fields, fertile pastures, farming implements, and live stock, even

to cocks and hens upon the hen-roosts. Schools had been provided for their children's education, and churches in which they could worship unmolested. Relatives and old neighbours such as liked each other were put together, occupations suited to each appointed, and all done for their future comfort that kindness and consideration could suggest. The rents of the cottages and the services of each occupant were accurately specified, and immunity from taxes granted for a certain number of years, the object of the king being to make them contented and independent of more help than the emergency of the case demanded. And thus a large and thriving community soon filled with busy industry the region which had been lately waste and desolate. Crops sprang up, fields grew green, and grass and corn took the place of fallow land and barren scrub. The rattle of the loom and whirr of the spinning-wheel were soon heard in the homesteads, and glove and hat-making were resumed. Old customs and ways of Tyrol gave way gradually to the habits of Northern Germany, and the people became peaceful and profitable subjects to the king who had so nobly befriended them.

A century passed over, and the original emigrants—the first settlers—had all gone to their eternal homes, when in 1838 the children of their children celebrated in all their churches in north-east Prussia a day of thanksgiving to commemorate the emigration, and acknowledge with pious gratitude that the blessing of heaven had been both upon them and the king their benefactor—verifying well the old German proverb that “Two afflictions well put together become a consolation.”

The expenses of the whole emigration, from first to last, is said to have been equal to ten tons of gold, or almost £150,000 of our money; but the king lived to see it amply repaid him in the prosperity and fidelity of his adopted subjects. Not less than seven thousand emigrants arrived in Prussia in various detachments in the course of the first year, and in the year or two following ten thousand more, leaving thus the Tyrol all but drained of its Protestant population. Some of the Lutheran exiles from the valleys made their way into Holland and Denmark, while others were taken care of by our king,



George II., who encouraged them to settle in the State of Georgia, in America. Wherever they went the Tyrolese carried with them their thrift, industry, and the same simple piety which had led them to purchase at so dear a cost the liberty to worship God in accordance with their convictions. Even at the present day the descendants of the Tyrolese emigrants in northern Prussia can, it is said, be still traced out from among their fellow countrymen by their names, their personal peculiarities, and especially by the traditions in their families of how their forefathers had suffered for conscience sake. Many an old saying and many a hymn and song have been preserved among them which originally came from Tyrol. The present inhabitants of some of the valleys of that country are remarkable for their sweet voices and clever part-singing, and parties of them often journey far and wide to perform their national choruses and songs, and it is told that on one occasion a company of these minstrels had found their way as far north as the province of Silesia, in Prussian Poland, and in passing through a village began to sing some of their native songs, when the villagers came out of their houses and, crowding around them, claimed them as fellow-countrymen, having among themselves the same songs which had been handed down to them from their forefathers, who had been among those who had come up from the valleys of Tyrol at the time of the Great Protestant Emigration.\*

### "BELIEVE, OR BE DAMNED."

THAT is, believe the Gospel in this life, or be damned for ever. This is the preached word in all the partialist Churches in the land. Faith and repentance in this life are necessary for our eternal well being! Reader, did you ever reflect upon the awful catastrophe to the human family which is involved in this proposition! Nothing less than the damnation of all the heathen, all the infants dying in infancy and all the idiotic of the race. Neither of these classes can ever have faith in the Gospel of Christ, because of the want of opportunity or power to exercise faith in the same.

A portion of the above history is taken from Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great."

Out of 1400 millions of people on the face of the globe there are not more than 450 millions living in Christian lands—and every thirty years these vast millions of heathens (900 millions) perish from the face of the earth, without a knowledge of Christendom's Bibles or Christendom's Saviour! Of those living in Christian lands one fourth die in infancy, before they are capable of understanding any moral truth. Another considerable portion are idiots and imbeciles, who have no reason to enable them to believe!

This will nearly prove one kind of Universalism—universal damnation!—for the conditions of faith and good works, while on the earth, cannot be complied with through no fault of the creature, but according to the inscrutable will of God, who created the heathen and idiot and knew when He did so that it was impossible for either class mentioned ever to have faith in the Gospel of Jesus! Oh, what awful blasphemy is this!

But if we read the Scriptures aright we will find that there are two kinds of salvation spoken of in the Bible—that "God is the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe." This special salvation is conditional. It depends upon faith and repentance. It is the present salvation which all believers enjoy—the eternal or everlasting life, which Christ said was the possession of the believers in this state of existence. "He that believeth hath everlasting life. He that believeth not is condemned already (damned already), and this is the condemnation (or damnation) that light has come into this world, and men love darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil." Here was the exposition of the master in Israel, and who dare gainsay it? The universal salvation from death, in and through the resurrection of Christ, is a different matter. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." We are all to be changed and become "equal to the angels of God in heaven," when Christ has finished his work and given up the kingdom to God the father—that God may be all and in all.—*Rev. L. F. W. Andrews.*

THE BEST ARMY.—Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—*Everett.*



## POLITE CHILDREN.

"THANK you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he had been requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow, a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best-mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbour. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill manners of their children, I always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?" I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners towards the world at large are perfect bores inside the home circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If they should accidentally brush against another in the street an apology would be sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day long up stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "if you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut the door," and with a scowl he will move slowly towards it and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the

door, please?" and he will hasten with a pleasant smile to do your bidding.

Many children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

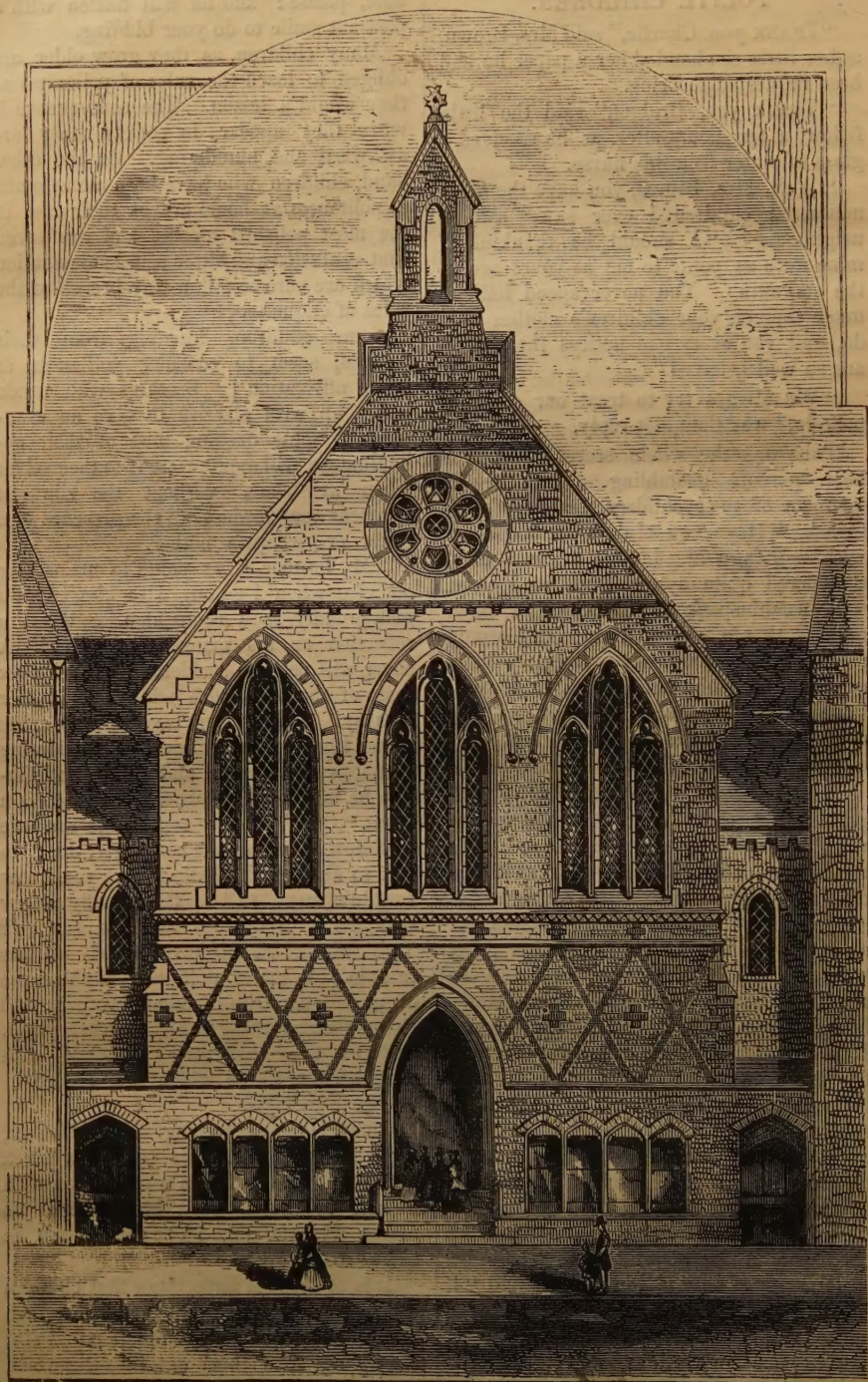
Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affectation! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy-chair to some dashing miss of their acquaintance will appropriate it to themselves when at home, without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister, or perhaps a mother.

"My brother is as polite to me as any one else when I go out with him," said a girl proudly to a companion. What a reflection on his manners at home! A sister will perhaps accidentally knock over some of the tools with which her brother is busy. An apology involuntarily arises to her lips, but she stifles it on considering that it is only Jack; and all the satisfaction he is offered for disordered plans is a blunt "Oh!" Angry reproaches are sure to follow. "You are real ugly, Jack, to talk so about such a little thing; you know I didn't mean to," is the equally angry rejoinder. Why did she not say so? Two words would have saved all the trouble. Want of politeness is the cause of more quarrelling among brothers and sisters than anything else. In their plays, children are constantly meeting with little accidents, for which they should be taught to apologise.

Polish is not everything. It is however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too.

It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with temptation and sin; but do not send them out into the world in great clodhopper boots. Shine them up, and both happiness and influence will be increased.





BIRMINGHAM UNITARIAN DOMESTIC MISSION.



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THE Birmingham Unitarian Domestic Mission was established in 1840, and the Rev. Thomas Bowring appointed missionary. Mr. Bowring immediately commenced his labours, visiting among the people of the district, and gathering them together in an old chapel in Thorp-street, and, with the aid of a few teachers, conducting a Sunday-school. The old chapel having been declared unsafe, a new one was built in Hurst-street, which was opened in October, 1844, by the Rev. Charles Wicksteed. In March, 1845, an unsectarian daily-school was commenced with thirty-three pupils, being the first daily-school for boys in connection with the Unitarian body in Birmingham. Mr. Bowring continued his zealous labours until 1854, when he was succeeded by the Rev. John Robertson, who resigned in 1856, when the present missionary, the Rev. B. Wright, was appointed. Mr. Wright commenced his labours with a small congregation, which, through his earnest endeavours, has gradually increased from year to year. The chapel being in many respects inconvenient, the committee resolved to alter and enlarge, and indeed almost to rebuild it, and at the same time to build a new school-room for the girls, and to extend the accommodation for the boys and infants. These extensive alterations and improvements were completed in December, 1870, when the chapel was re-opened, the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, after a lapse of twenty-six years, again officiating to full congregations morning and evening. Although the chapel is nearly one-half larger than the former one, it is at times nearly filled with an interesting congregation of working men and women, which Mr. Wright has succeeded in gathering around him. The new school buildings are also well filled, the number in the daily schools being now about 700 and in the Sunday-schools 360. Many auxiliary institutions are connected with the Mission, especially extensive savings' clubs, and a very prosperous and successful Provident and Friendly Society. The Mission buildings, which are now very commodious and extensive, have, from time to time, cost £5000. The congregation have recently raised upwards of £200 towards the cost of a new chapel.

## LORD COBHAM.

WE are accustomed to read and hear much of the dark ages, and to conclude that scarcely a ray of moral or intellectual light then penetrated the thick overhanging gloom. This, though true to some extent—indeed a considerable extent—is not universally so; science strove, not always successfully, to penetrate and dispel the obscurity, its votaries being frequently stigmatised and persecuted as conjurors, traffickers in unhallowed mysteries, to the perdition of their souls. There were also those, and not a few, of enlightened religious views, whose lives were pure and whose aims were upright and benevolent. Such persons could not but see, with concern, the ignorance, the superstition, and depravity which nearly everywhere prevailed, whilst they preached and exhorted their fellow-men to turn from these sinful vanities to the living God. Protestant writers, with a zeal not always accordant with knowledge, have too fondly represented these good men as radical reformers, who cried aloud and spared not against the Church of Rome. The fact is, that scarcely any of them left its communion, and they do not appear to have formed themselves into distinct congregations. Wyckliffe himself, often styled the morning star of the Reformation, died rector of Lutterworth, and it was full forty years after his death that his body was taken out of the earth and burned as that of a heretic, and the ashes thrown into the little river Swift. His so-called followers were scattered and had no common bond of union, though their presence here and there gave much uneasiness to the hierarchy; whilst, through its influence over the mind of that unprincipled usurper, Henry IV., the dreadful statute for the burning of heretics was enacted, under which so many holy martyrs suffered, till its repeal in the reign of Charles II. William Sautre, a London priest, was the first who by his death thus glorified God. Edward Wightman, the last, the Unitarian-confessor, who in the time of James I. was sent to the stake by Neale, the time-serving Bishop of Lichfield.

Lord Cobham, of whom we desire to say a few words, lived during the days of Henry IV. and V. He was son-in-law to the patriotic nobleman of that name, and from him he inherited the title, as he was



before known as Sir John Oldecastle; there is a trumpery legend that Shakespeare's Falstaff is only Oldcastle dramatised, but there is no kind of resemblance between the chivalrous, high-spirited, and sedate Lord Cobham, and the overgrown, indolent, and swaggering knight of Eastcheap taverns; besides, Cobham, during the fifth Henry's minority, when he wasted his time and means in low debauchery, was in France, in command of the English army, loved and trusted by Henry IV., and where he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of that monarch. Cobham, even during this reign, was the object of the clergy's hate, but the king constantly shielded him from their malignity.

Nor was Cobham less favoured during the early part of his reign by his son, Henry V., who was doubtless sensible of the great value of such a wise and experienced counsellor. But the king, in putting off one set of vices, only took up another and far worse. The sins of the flesh were exchanged for the more direful sins of the spirit; if no longer riotous and fond of mean company, he now, with a hypocritical assumption of piety, a grave countenance, and austere manners, the recognised marks of a reformed, or rather transformed, rake, turned to his bishops for advice and support, and was by them flattered and lured on to the mad and wicked war with France, which, for the time successful, entailed a multitude of evils on that country and his own, whilst in the reign of his most unfortunate son the English arms met with sad reverses, and we were at length beaten from the French soil with merited disgrace. The price which the Romish clergy put on their services to the king was additional powers against heresy, whilst Lord Cobham continued to be the object of their inveterate rage. They accused him to Henry of speaking against the doctrines and discipline of the Church. The king, probably to save appearances, condescended to remonstrate with Cobham, his own friend and his father's friend, on the subject; but receiving from him a firm though temperate refusal to retract his alleged errors, Henry manifested so much anger that Cobham's enemies seized on the moment so favourable to their wishes, and cited him to appear in the archbishop's Court, to answer their indictment. Knowing with whom he had to deal he neglected the

summons, for which he was pronounced contumacious. An appeal on his behalf to the king was at first rejected; nor did his offer, according to the custom of the age, to maintain his innocence by personal combat meet with more success. At length, having gained access to Henry, whilst in the royal presence, and doubtlessly by the king's connivance, the archbishop's apparitor entered with a fresh citation. As a last resource, Cobham now made his appeal to the Pope, a proof that he still considered himself a Catholic; but the king positively forbade this, at the same time ordering him a prisoner to the Tower, from whence, after many months' wearisome confinement, he contrived to escape—no one professing to know how—and to hide himself amidst the wilds and recesses of Wales—where he remained, often a houseless wanderer, for nearly four years.

Lord Cobham's enemies were in the mean time not idle; they took care to keep alive and fan the flame of the king's resentment, whilst a bill of attainder against him was hurried through Parliament, which had the effect of a conviction for high treason, incurring the forfeiture of his life and estates, with what was called the corruption of his blood. He was consequently, though nothing could have been more false in fact, proclaimed a rebel and an outlaw, a price being set on his head. And now all means were used to ensnare and destroy him. Lord Powis, to gratify the king and the Church, and who had large estates in Wales, joined in the pursuit. As it was supposed, Cobham was somewhere concealed in his grounds. Powis' tenantry were put on the alert, stimulated by menaces and rewards, and it is no matter of surprise that the unfortunate nobleman was soon captured. Nothing could exceed the savage joy of his persecutors when the news arrived that the great leader of the Lollards—for so the followers of Wyckliffe were called—was once more a prisoner and in their complete power. In all haste he was conveyed to his former dungeon in the Tower, from whence in a very few days, without the form of a trial, in defiance of all law, humanity, or decency, he was dragged to St. George's-in-the-Fields, then and long after an open spot in the country, and there, in a manner shocking to relate, and to the eternal disgrace of the king and all



concerned, he was slowly burned to death, being hung by chains over a large fire kindled beneath a gallows. He suffered this dreadful torture with uncommon fortitude, witnessing a good confession amidst the flames. Thus he mournfully persevered to the end.

"This story shall the good man teach his son."

So said Henry to cheer his dejected army before the great battle of Agincourt, with much more reason, may it be said, with regard to Cobham's tragic tale. Henry's selfish hard-heartedness caused the wailings of numberless widows and orphans, sacrifices to his lust for dominion. Cobham atoned for former worldliness of spirit by his zeal for Christian truth, his singleness of purpose in its defence, and his endurance of contempt, reproach, and death rather than denying it. When we read of Henry's French victories, we will dwell with pleasure, not on them, but on the deeds of those who were valiant for righteousness, and who thus purchased with their blood the glorious freedom we now enjoy.

## THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

### No. V.

"MOTHER, let us talk again about the Catholics," said Walter on the following Sunday. "I have heard something about them that will frighten you."

"Have you, my son? Well, let me hear it. I am not easily frightened."

"Oh, mamma, they have put thousands of people to death because they did not think like them about religion. Only fancy, mother, thousands of people! It is dreadful to hear of such cruelty."

"It is, indeed, my child. We must be truly thankful to know that we are not living in an age in which such deeds could be committed."

"You think the Catholics would not do this now, mamma?"

"Certainly not, Walter. They are too enlightened to commit crimes of such an enormous extent; and, should they attempt any such cruelties, the whole Christian world would rise up against them."

"What could prevent their doing it, mother?"

"A very strong power called *opinion*, Walter, which decries any undue exercise of authority, and when necessary enforces

its convictions of what is right by the strong arm of the law."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I mean that a person, of whatever rank or station, who caused the death of a fellow-being on the plea of his not agreeing with him in his religious views, would be imprisoned, and would suffer himself the same punishment, with added ignominy, for breaking the laws of justice and humanity."

"I am glad of that, mother; otherwise people would be afraid of going into countries where there are Catholics."

"We need fear no direct violence, as in former times; but there may be means of a more insidious nature, which are apt to mislead the young and the weak-minded. The Catholic worship is gorgeous in the extreme. No expense is spared to make it attractive. Magnificent churches; pictures by the finest artists; the most expressive music; processions of priests dressed in splendid robes; shrines of saints decked in gold and silver; everything that can appeal to the imagination, is presented to the fascinated spectators, who for awhile are entranced by the solemn display offered to the senses."

"It must be very beautiful, mamma."

"It is beautiful, my son, as a splendid pageant; but people with great depth of feeling, united with good judgment, would quickly retreat from the theatrical nature of such a religious display. 'Would our blessed Saviour, whose worship was simplicity itself, approve of all this outward show?' they might say to themselves. Is it not the very opposite to what our Lord would inculcate! Did he not deprecate most severely the outward adornment and long prayers of the Pharisees, who prayed at the corners of the streets, and made broad their phylacteries that they might be seen of men? We remember the strong terms in which he reproached them for being hypocrites. Surely this religion is that of the Jewish Sanhedrim repeated again. Moreover, they worship idols. Look at that painted image of the Virgin Mary, decked in gauze and furbelows. Can it be intended to represent the simple and retiring mother of Jesus of Nazareth. Listen, they call her the Mother of God! What profanation! Is it not fearful to hear an address to 'Saint Joseph,' as one of the mightiest in the Kingdom of Heaven?



What is now brought forward by the priests? A small wafer and a cup of wine, before which all the Catholics prostrate themselves. This they tell us is the body and blood of Christ, before which all good Catholics should bow. Are you *men* to believe such falsehood as this? Open your eyes to the divine light of truth. Oh, blind leaders of the blind! Behold the purity, the divine simplicity of the Saviour, and then say if this false seeming is any part of his belief. His was no image worship, no profession of sanctity, no hidden meaning. Boldly he spake; openly he acted. No false glitter; no superstitious acts could be traced in his worship. Would you be called Christians? Follow Christ."

"Mother, you are preaching a sermon to the Catholics."

"My child, I feel deeply the evil resulting from a false religion. It affects a whole nation, and turns the most solemn rites into ridicule. The opinions I have placed in the mouths of others are my own. I lament over the waste of intellect, the thralldom, the slavery—and worse still, the sensuality which defaces what the Catholics profess to call a Christian belief. Good men there are in the Catholic Church without doubt, but, if they exert their intellect at all, how must they waver in performing their duties! How must they long to be free from the superstitions of the dark ages!"

"What were the dark ages, mother?"

"They were times of crime and bloodshed, when men gloried in deeds of horror, when no home was safe from invasion. Then the Catholic religion prevailed in all its force. The greatest criminals were sheltered in the precincts of the church. Sinners of the deepest dye could purchase with sums of money *absolution* or forgiveness. The Pope, as head of the Church, ruled with a rod of iron, and bent whole nations to his will. Kings and emperors submitted to his yoke. Imagine an emperor allowing the indignity of having the Pope's foot placed on his neck to show the Papal authority.\* We may with truly grateful hearts thank the Almighty that such times have past, never to occur again.

"Why never, mother?"

"Because the light of true religion burns

daily with a steadier glow. Its beams already penetrate into the dark places of the earth. Vainly will the gloom of the Catholic Church withstand its glory. Many good men and true, who call themselves Catholics, are come out from the shade of error into the sunshine of truth. May the true Catholic (or universal) religion everywhere prevail!"

R. E.

### SORROW AND CHILDHOOD.

THEY put me on my best clothes, and a crape-band round my cap. We were not more than six or eight to follow; and they carried my father to his grave. Maurice bought a little black cross, and set it up over the spot where they had buried him, and back we came. I with red eyes, but my heart already comforted. I was like most children, with whom grief cannot abide.

I have often thought over this since then; and once talking of it with a friend, and complaining of the ingratitude and unfeelingness of that early age, he answered me that it was one of the precautions of Providence. "The necessary occupations of life," said he, "turn men away from their grief, even the most heart-felt. If you have a trade you must put off sorrowing till after your labour, and so, little by little, your work consoles you in spite of yourself."

But a child has all his time his own, and if he were to remember his sorrow it would turn in his heart, without respite and without change, till it would be his death.

Now, God does not wish him to be enervated by such trials. He considers that he will need all his strength to grow with, and that the flame of life must have time to kindle before he sheds so many tears. So He has given the child *forgetfulness* just as he has given him hunger, so that he may be able to gather strength and to become a man. How beneficent, therefore, is our Maker; and how often would man mar what the divine has looked and pronounced good. In the very forgetfulness of our earliest years we can see the stamp divine.

E. SANVESTRE.

\* Pope Alexander Third trod on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa, in the middle of the twelfth century.

HISTORICAL FACT.—In the year 540 endless punishment was "voted" a Christian doctrine. It took all these centuries to work that dogma into general acceptance.



## ST. PAUL'S THORN.

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh."

THERE has been much discussion as to what was the "thorn" with which St. Paul says that he was afflicted in the flesh (II. Cor. xii. 7). The word is frequently used in the Scriptures as a figurative indication of affliction, and its usage is sometimes similar to that of the word "cross," by which we commonly express trial or suffering. The Greek word which the Apostle here employs signifies something larger than what we understand by a thorn, and generally means a stake used for the barbarous purpose of fixing heads on and impaling, which therefore fulfilled an office not dissimilar to that of the cross. What then was this physical cross which the Apostle had to bear? Luther understood by it a mental temptation to infidelity: Catholic expositors take it to mean a sensual temptation: but it is now generally supposed that this thorn is put for a bodily affliction. As to the nature of this bodily affliction, opinions are mostly divided between the suppositions that it was either insignificance and deformity of person, or else that it was a stammering and defective speech. Now either of these suppositions is capable of some justification from many passages in which St. Paul abrogates all pretences to an imposing presence or oratory. Nor is it difficult to see why, in writing, for example, to the fastidious Corinthians, who attached much value to graces of person and diction, he should glory that he had not used these advantages among them, lest thereby "the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." But it is difficult to understand how St. Paul's speaking powers were of so low an order as to be a "thorn" to him, since the people of Lystra, at all events, formed a different estimate of his abilities in this respect, when they called him Mercurius, in compliment to his eloquence, and would have paid him the divine honours due to that patron god of orators.

There are certain considerations suggesting another hypothesis, which has not received the attention it deserves. This is, that St. Paul's affliction was some blemish or weakness, or unsightly affection, of the eyes, which caused him to present but a poor appearance when addressing the multitude, or otherwise impaired his usefulness.

On this understanding the passage (Gal. iv. 13-15) acquires a force and appropriateness which no other supposition lends to it: "Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you: and my trial which was in my flesh ye despised not; for I bear you record that if it had been possible ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." What would have been the good to St. Paul in such a demonstration of love, as the giving him their eyes, if he had had a perfect pair of his own?

Again (Acts xxiii. 1-5), when St. Paul was brought before the council, and the High Priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth, he retorted, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." And they that stood by said, "Revilest thou God's High Priest?" Then mark the Apostle's humble excuse, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the High Priest," and his eagerness to exculpate himself, by assuring all around that he no less than they revered that which is written, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." And his excuse seems to have been admitted, that he was ignorant of the dignified and sacred office of the person on whom he had retorted so rudely. Yet how can this have been so on any other hypothesis than the one here proposed? For we are told that St. Paul was "earnestly beholding the council." Had his sight been good he must have recognised the High Priest from his dress, the emblems of his office, or his seat in the council, if indeed his face were not previously familiar. The Greek word, which expresses "earnestly beholding," may signify also the intent look which we often see in persons of imperfect sight, when their eyes endeavour to penetrate the obscurity by which their vision is impeded.

Again, why should St. Paul have employed another person to write his epistles? He knew Greek, and could write it, and yet he shirked this labour, writing with his own hand only just the salutation, or a few other words, in each epistle. In his epistle to the very Galatians, who would have given him their eyes, he remarks upon the great size of his handwriting as compared with that of his amanuensis: "Ye see in what large characters I have written unto you with



my own hand." (Gal. vi. 2.) How much of this epistle St. Paul had written with his own hand is not known to us, but was at once apparent to the Galatians, from the large handwriting; and they being aware of his affliction, and sympathising deeply with it, would highly appreciate the anxiety which he must have for their welfare, that he should have engaged for their sakes in the task of letter-writing, which was to him toilsome and painful, but which he undertook in the hope that his own handwriting might give some little additional authority to the epistle.

Again, at St. Paul's conversion, he was struck blind. It is possible that his sight was but imperfectly restored to him, and that his eyes retained the marks of the sudden visitation. A quarter of a century afterwards we find him writing to the Galatians (vi. 17), "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." This is commonly taken to signify stripes received in the cause of Jesus. But we may attach a nearer meaning to "the marks of the Lord Jesus," if we suppose it to mean marks inflicted by the Lord Jesus. The Greek word here translated "marks" does not mean such marks as are inflicted by the lash, but such as are inflicted by a pointed instrument, or by a burn; such, therefore, as we may well suppose to have been inflicted and to have remained upon the Apostle's eyes, as the result of the lightning stroke which prostrated and blinded him on the road to Damascus. Then, on asking who was his assailant, he was answered by the Lord Himself, "I am Jesus." And now he says, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." When he rose from the ground in what part of his body did the afflictive marks of the Lord's visitation remain? In the eyes alone. In the eyes alone, therefore, could he afterwards declare that he bore the marks of the Lord Jesus.

Though some of the considerations here adduced are new, the hypothesis is not. It has not been widely adopted; yet, apart from its own merits, it is entitled to much respect as being maintained by Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, of whose comments upon the subject I have availed myself.

KENTISH BACHE.

## RELIGION IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

### THE ORIGIN OF THE TRINITY.

"THE Egyptians were the most pious nation of antiquity," says Herodotus; and what an antiquity, carrying the mind back how many thousands of years?—for Sir C. Lyell tells us of a piece of pottery found in the Nile possibly 20,000 years old; and Bunsen affirms, "It is a great and astounding fact, established beyond the possibility of doubt, that the empire of Menes (probably 7000 years ago), on its first appearance in history, possessed an established mythology, and all the great gods of Egypt are on the oldest monuments." And Mr. Samuel Sharpe, in his *History of Egypt* says, that he has no doubt but that Abraham was a witness and a wanderer among some of those splendid monuments which are standing at the present day, almost untouched by the finger of time, as perfect, as a whole, as they were that day when the ancient patriarch looked upon them.

Who can otherwise than feel an interest in the life of so ancient a people, when we are informed that they were a most religious people, grave, serious, and highly civilised, and seemed to live for little else than to perform religious duties.

Before we proceed to the details of their religious ceremonies and life, we desire, in this paper, to put on the fore front the fact that the present popular doctrines of the Trinity, a God-man, and the Atonement, were doctrines of the Egyptians many centuries before the Christian era; and, therefore, we may not be surprised that the Nicene creed, and possibly the Athanasian creed, were concocted in Egypt and forced, the former certainly, upon the Church by Athanasius, an Egyptian priest. Gibbon, in his history, sarcastically hints that the greatest of the Christian doctrines, the Trinity, was anticipated by Plato some four hundred years before the Christian era; but we may with greater truthfulness say that the theory might have been borrowed by Plato when in Egypt, for the Trinity was an old doctrine there even long before the time of Plato. It is a simple fact, and obvious to the historian, that the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus was corrupted by those heathen sources, and this speciality of the Christian religion, as it is at times called, is no



part of the Christian religion, but a doctrine imported from another system.

The gods of Egypt frequently appear as Trinities. The Trinity of Thebes was Amun-ra, Athor, and Chonso. In Nubia, Pthah, Amun Ra, and Horus. In six different districts they had different Trinities, but the most popular Trinity was Isis, Osiris, and Horus, who were feared less and loved more than some of the mythological gods of Egypt, and occupied a rank and affection among many Egyptians such as the Virgin Mary does at present among Roman Catholics, partly human and partly divine. We have heard Mr. Sharpe state that some of the hieroglyphs represent the three as one; and then, again, other figures represented some of their gods as having the "two natures," human and divine. Here we have the views from which it was easy to graft on to the Christian Church, in a less enlightened age, doctrines which to this day are entirely out of place and unknown to the Gospels.

The atonement, too, for sins, to make up the deficiency of virtue or to condone transgressions, is a doctrine that was believed in by the Egyptians; and the sacrifices of animals, and sometimes of human beings, found a place in their ceremonies. And that even a god could die, and did die, was a theory in Egypt which much amused the Greeks 2000 years ago, as they intimate when describing the theology of the people of Egypt.

The superstitions of the devotees were numerous and sincerely believed in. We may rank them among the first of nations which attached good and ill luck to certain days. Days there were on which it was wrong to start on a journey, or even to leave their homes, and days on which they must not eat animal food. They were a very serious people, and nearly all the monasticism now known in Europe was practised by them. Herodotus says he saw thousands at the work of scourging themselves and doing great penances. Not only did they use the whip to their bodies, but at times most seriously gashed their faces and cut and disfigured themselves, believing this was very acceptable to heaven.

The sacrifices they were willing to make may put us to the blush with our superior precepts, when we reflect how unprofitable was all their obedience to produce happi-

ness; yet how directly does every Christian duty add to the dignity and welfare of human beings! The ladies of Egypt often brought to their altars the whole of their finery, bracelets, necklaces, and jewelry, and offered them up as expressions of gratitude to their gods.

This superstitious people were not without high and ennobling moral sentiments, which we are delighted to find recorded on their monuments or written on the papyrus scroll which has come down to us, such as the following :—

God is better to me than thousands of archers and millions of horsemen.

He who made us is ever present with us.

The bad man's life is what the wise know to be death.

Let not riches make thee proud, for the author of these is God.

Do not save thy life at the expense of another's.

Bring up thy son in the love of God.

A man's heart rules the man.

Let a woman find in thee a protector.

Treat not an inferior unkindly.

Respect the aged.

God has not left himself without a witness in the moral feelings of mankind, as well as in the beneficence of the seasons; and the commendations bestowed on some of the dead, found on tombs erected 4000 years before the time of Christ, have all the sweetness of the affections and the moral light we were scarcely prepared to find outside the pale of the Christian fold. Some of those testimonies to the dead run as follows :—"I lived on truth, and fed my soul with justice. What I did to man was done in peace, and how I loved God, God and my heart well knew. I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and a shelter to the stranger." This is the testimony to the religious life of one of the Pharaohs. Many of the inscriptions read, "He loved his father, he honoured his mother, and loved his brethren." One inscription adds, "He never went from home in a bad temper." Another has the following addition to many domestic virtues, "I took care of orphans as though they were my own children, for great misfortunes were in Egypt in my time." On a very old tomb is written :—"His goodness and kindness were ample. He never preferred the great and powerful to the humble poor, but did equal justice to all."

(To be continued.)



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**CRED OR SCRIPTURE.**—Unitarians believe that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, but they do not feel bound to believe that he died for our sins according to the creeds.

**LIFE PRESERVERS.**—Emerson says, "Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver."

**SERVED HER RIGHT.**—A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery she said: "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

**QUEEN MARY'S INSPIRATION.**—Mary, Queen of England, who burned at the stake so many Protestant heroes, is reported by Bishop Burnet as saying in explanation: "As the souls of heretics are hereafter to be eternally burning in hell, there can be nothing more proper than for me to imitate the divine vengeance by burning them on earth."

**SENSATIONAL.**—In Longton the following stunning placard was recently displayed:—"The United Christian Band of the Royal Artillery of Heaven! A company of extraordinary men, who have been rescued from among the Champions of the Devil, having been wrestlers, publicans, pugilists, &c. &c., but are now the servants of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, Hallelujah!! who, by the assistance of the Holy Ghost, purpose making a desperate attack on the kingdom of Satan, in the Town Hall, Longton." By such performances as are here foreshadowed the Kingdom of Heaven suffers not only violence but outrage.

**A QUESTION ANSWERED.**—Two candidates for the pulpit of a church in the north of Scotland, named respectively Low and Adam, preached their trial sermons the same day. Low preached in the morning, and delivered an excellent and edifying discourse from the text, "Adam, where art thou!" In the afternoon, however, to his discomfiture, his opponent selected for the subject of his sermon the words, "Lo, here am I;" and the excellence of his matter, together with the cleverness of his retort, gained him the appointment.

**THE IRISHMAN AND THE PRIEST.**—Never was a better answer made than a poor Irishman made to a Catholic priest while defending himself for reading the Bible. "But," said the priest, "the Bible is for the priests and not for the likes o' you." "Ah! but, sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' an' sure the priests have got no children." "But, Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It is not o' you to understand it, my man." "Ah, very well, yer reverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good." "Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to the church, and the church will teach you. The church will give you the milk of the Word." "And where does the church get it from but out of the Bible? Ah! your reverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."

**COLLEGE SERMONS.**—Mr. Froude, in an essay, says, "Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the Divine mission of the clergy, on apostolic succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal."

**LATE ATTENDANTS AT CHURCH.**—Some clergymen are disposed to be personal in their public petitions, judging from the following extract from a prayer offered by one of the fraternity: "O Lord, bless those who are here present; bless those who are on their way hither; bless those who are getting ready to come; bless those who do not come at all; and in a special manner, we pray thee, bless those who arrive in time to hear the first prayer."

**THE COMMON GROUND OF THE CHURCHES.**—And since the Church has been divided into many branches, each has its sweet singers whose music has gladdened all the rest. It was Toplady, a severe Calvinist, who gave us "Rock of Ages." Men differ about the Atonement, they almost call each other heretics and outcasts in their differences about it; but when that hymn is sung every heart rests upon the one Redeemer. It was a Wesleyan, an Arminian, who sang "Jesus, lover of my soul." Side by side are Watts and Wesley, Church of England and Dissenter. Faber, a devoted Catholic, wrote that hymn which breathes the highest spirit of Christian submission, "I worship thee, sweet will of God." Madam Guion, an unquestioning Catholic, wrote, "O, Lord, how full of sweet content." Xavier, one of the founders of the Jesuit order, wrote, "Thou, O my Jesus! thou didst me upon the cross embrace!" While the Church of England was convulsed by the greatest struggle it has known within this century, Keble, closely attached to one of the contending parties, wrote the hymns that the whole Church delights to sing. It was a strongly pronounced Unitarian who wrote, "O Love divine, that stooped to share." A Unitarian gave us "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The controversies over the orthodoxy of that hymn are as dry and cold and dead as the stones Jacob took for his pillow; and meanwhile souls mount up by it toward heaven as did the angels on the ladder Jacob saw.—*Christian Union.*

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